A NOVEL OF OUR OWN DAY

Written for The Sun by "The Duchess.

CHAPTER LIV. "Well said; that was laid on with a trowet."

"Gratiane speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice." "After all, indeed; you may well say that,"

says Mr. Monkton, with indignation. "If those two idiots meant matrimony all along. why on earth didn't they do it before. See what a lot of time they've lost, and what a disgraceful amount of trouble they have given all round."

Yes, yes, of course. But then you see. Fredly, it takes some time to make up one's mind about such an important matter as that." 'It didn't take you long." says Mr. Monkton most unwisely.

It took me a great deal longer than it took you." replies his wife with dignity. " You have niways said that it was the very first day you ever saw me-and it took me quite a week!" This lucid speech she delivers with some

'More shame for you." says Monkton

promptly.
"Well, never mind," says she, too happy and too engressed with her news to enjoy even a skirmish with her husband. "Isn't it all charming, Freddy'"

Things considered." "I think it is the happiest thing. And when two people who love each other are quite

young...."
"Beally, my dear, you are too flattering." mays Monkton. "Considering the gray hairs that are beginning to make themselves so unpleasantly at home in my head. I, at all events can hardly lay claim to extreme youth." Good gracious! I'm not talking of us: I'm

talking of them." cries she, giving him a shake. Wake up, Freddy. Bring your mind to bear upon this big news of mine, and you will see how enchanting it is. Don't you think Felix has behaved beautifully—so faithful, so con-stant, and against such terrible odds? You know Joyce is a little difficult sometimes. Now hasn't be been perfect all through ?"

"He is a genuine hero of romance," says Mr.
Monkton with conviction, "None of your cheap articles-a regular bona-fide thirteenth century knight. The country ought to contribute its stray half pennies and buy him a pedestal and put him on the top of it, whether he likes it or not. Once there Simon Stylites would be forgetten in half an hour. Was there ever before beard of such an herole case! Did ever yet living man have the prowess to propose to the girl he loved! It is an entirely new departure, and should be noticed. It is quite unique!" Don't be horrid." says his wife. "You know

exactly what I mean-that it is a delightful ending to what promised to be a miserable muddle. And he is so charming; isn't he, now Freddy?" 'Is he?" asks Mr. Monkton, regarding her

with a thoughtful eye.
"You can see for yourself. He is so satisfactory. I always said he was the very husband for Joyce. He is so kind, so earnest, so sweet in every way."

"Nearly as sweet as I am, eh?" There is stern inquiry now in his regard. Pouf! I know what you are, of course.

Who would, if I didn't? But really, Freddy, don't you think he will make her an ideal husband? So open. So frank. So free from everything-oh, well, everything-you know! "I don't," says Monkton, uncompromisingly,
"Well-everything hateful, I mean. Oh! she

Nearly as lucky as her sister." says Monkton, growing momentarily more stern in his determination to uphold his own cause. Don't be absurd. I declare," with a little burst of amusement, " when he-they-told me

about it, I never felt so happy in my life." "Except when you married me." He throws quite a tragical expression into his face, that is, however, lost upon her.

Of course, with her present fortune, she might have made what the world would call a more distinguished match. But his family is unexceptionable, and he has some money-not much, I know, but still some. And even if he hadn't she has now enough for both. After all" -with noble disregard of the necessaries of life

" Dross-mere dross!" says Mr. Monkton. "And he is just the sort of man not to give a Thought to it."

are quite above all that sort of thing." Well, he is, certainly," says Mrs. Monkton, a

little offended. "You may go on pretending as much as you like. Freddy, but I know you think about him just as I do. He is exactly the sort of charming character to make Joyce happy." 'Nearly as happy as I have made you!" says her husband, severely.
"Dear me, Freddy-i really do wish you

would try and forget yourself for one moment!" "I might be able to do that if I were quite sure that you were not forgetting me, too." Oh, as to that ! I declare you are a perfect

baby! You love teasing. Well-there then ! "there" represents a kiss, and Mr. Monkton, having graciously accepted this tribute to his charms, condescends to come down from his mental elevation and discuss the new engagement with considerable affability. Once. indeed there is a dangerous lapse back into his old style, but this time there seems to be

mome occasion for it.
"When they stood there stammering and stuttering, Freddy, and looking so awfully stily. I declare I was so glad about it that I actually kissed him !"

'What !" says Mr. Monkton. " And you have lived to tell the tale! You have, therefore, lived too long. Perfidious woman, prepare for death." "I doclare I think you'd have done it." says Barbara. Whereupon, having reconsidered her speech, they both give way to mirth.

'I'll try it when I see him." says Monkton. "Even a hero of romance couldn't object to a chasto salute from me."

"He is coming to dinner. I hope when you do soo him. Freddy"-auxiousiy this-" you will "Barbara! You know I never get-er-that

is—not before dinner at all events."
"Well, but promise me now, you will be very serious about it. They are taking it seriously.

and they won't like it if you persist in treating "I'll be a perfect Judge."

anow what that means"-indignantly-"that you will be as frivolous as possible."
"My dear girl! If the Bench could only hear you. Well, there then! Yes, really! I'll be everything of the most desirable. A regular funeral mute. And," seeing she is still offended. I am glad about it, Barbara. Honestly pleased. I think him as good a fellow as I know-and

Joyce another." Having convinced her of his good faith in the matter, and argued with her on every single point, and so far perpured himself as to rememper perfectly and accurately the very day and hour on which, three months ago, she had said hat she knew Joyce preferred Felix to Beautlerk, he is is forgiven, and presently allowed o depart in peace with another "There," even

warmer than the first But it is unquestionable that she keeps a sevore eye on him all through dinner, and so for-bids any triffing with the sacred topic. "It would have put the poor things out so!" she had said to herself; and, indeed, it must be confessed that the lovers are very shy and uncomfortable, and that conversation drifts a good deal, and is only carried on irregularly by fits and starts. But later, when Felix has unburdened his mind to Monkton during the quarter of an hour over their wine-when Barhars has been compelled, in fear and trembling, to leave Freddy to his own devicesthings grow more genial, and the extreme hap-"ess that dwells in the lovers' hearts is given i play. There is even a delightful half hour

exanted them upon the balcony. Barbara hav-

ing-like the good angel she is-declared that the night is almost warm enough for June.

CHAPTER LV. "Great discontents there are, and many mormura."
"There is a kind of mournful elequence

In thy dumb grief. Lady Baltimore, too, had been very pleased by the news when Felix told her next morning of his good luck. In all her own great unhapof his good lock. In all her own great unhap-tiness she had still a kindly word and thought for her cousin and his flaucée.

"One of the nicest girls," she says, pressing his hands warmly, "I often think indeed, the nicest girl I know. You are fortunate. Felix, but"—very kindly—"she is fortunate. Felix, but"—very kindly—"she is fortunate. too."

"Oh, no, the luck is all on my side," says he. "It will be a blow to Norman," she says, presently.

"Oh no the luck is all on my side," says he.
"It will be a blow to Norman," she says,
presently,
"I think not," with an irrepressible touch of
scorn. There is Miss Maliphant.
"You mean that he can decline upon her.
Of course I can quite understand that you do
not like him," says she with a quick sigh.
"But, believe me, any heart he has was really
given to Joyce. Well, he must devote himself
to ambitton now."
"Miss Maliphant can help him to that."
"No, no. That is all knocked on the head.
It appears—this is in strict confidence. Felix—
but it appears—this is in strict confidence. Felix—
but it appears he asked her to marry him last
evening, and she refused."
Felix turns to her as if to give utterance to
some vehement words, and then checks himself. After all, why add to her unhappiness?
Why tell her of that cur's baseness? Her own
brother, too! It would be but snother grief.
To think he should have gone from her to
Miss Maliphant! What a pitful creature! Beneath contempt! Well, if his pride survives
those two downfalls—both in one day—it must
be made of leather. It does Felix good to
think of how Miss Maliphant must have worded her retusal. She is not famous for grace of
speech. He must have had a real bad time of
it. Of course, Jovee had told him of her interview with the sturity helress.

"Ah, she refused?" says he, hardly knowing
what to say.

"Yes: and not very graclouely, I'm afraid.
""

what to say.
"Yes; and not very graciously, I'm afraid.
"Yes; and not very graciously, I'm afraid. "It has certainly turned out very well, all "Yes: and not very graciously, i in alread-He gave me the mere fact of the refusal-no more, and only that because he had to give a reason for his abrupt departure. You know he is going this evening?"
"No. I did not know it. Of course, under the clasurstances." "No. I did not know it. Of course, under the circumstances—"
"Yes, he could hardly stay here. Margaret came to me and said she would go, but I would not allow that. After all, every woman has a right to refuse or accept as she will."

"True." His heart gives an exultant leap as he remembers how his love had willed.
"I only wish she had not burt him in the resusal. But I could see he was wounded. He was not in his usual careless spirits. He struck me as being a little—well, you know, a little—" she hesitates.
"Out of temper," suggests Felix.
"Well. res. Disappointment takes that course with some people. After all, it might have been worse if he had set his heart on Joyce and been refused."
"Much worse," says Felix, his eyes on the ground.
"New would have been a severe loss."

course with some people. After all, it might have been worse if he had set his heart on Joyce and been refused."

"Much worse," says Felix, his eyes on the ground.

"She would have been a severe loss."

"Severe, indeed." By this time Felix is beginning to feel like an advanced hypoelte.

"As for Margaret Maliphant, I am afraid he was more concerned about the loss of her bonds and scrips than of herself. It is a terrible work, Felix, when all is told," says she, suddenly crossing her beautiful long, white hands over her knees, and leaning toward him. There is a touch of misery so sharp in her voice that he starts as he looks at her. It is a momentary fit of amotion, however, and passes before he dare comment on it. With a heart nigh to breaking she still retains her composure, and talks caimly to Felix, and lets him talk to her, as though the fact that she is soon to lose forever the man who once had gained her heart—that ital "once" that means for always, in spite of everything that has come and gone—is as little or nothing to her. Seeing her sitting there, strangely pale, indeed, but so collected, it would be impossible to guess at the tempest of passion and grief and terror that reigns within her breast. Women are not so strong to bear as men, and therefore in the world's storms suffer most.

"It is a lovely world," says he smilling, thinking of Joyce; and then, remembering her sad lot, his smile fades. "One might make—perhaps—a bad world—better.

"Al! teach me how," says she with a melancholy glance.

"There is such a thing as forgiveness. Forgive him?" blurts he out in a frightened sort of way. He is horrified at himself—at his own temerity—a second later, and rises to his feet as if to meet the indignation he has certainly courted. But to his surprise no such indignation betrays itself.

"Is that your advice?" says she, still with the thin white hands clasped over the knee, and the carnest gaze on him. "Well, well, well." Her oyes dropp. She seems to be thinking, and he, gazing at her, refrains from spee-h

him her hand.

Felix, taking it, holds it closely for a moment, and presently, as if movel to do it, he stoops and presses a warm kies upon it.

She is so unhappy, and so kind, and so true.
God deliver her out of her sorrow!

CHAPTER LVL

"I would that I were low laid in my grave."

She is still sitting silent, lost in thought, after Felix's departure, when the door opens once again to as intit her husband. His hands are full of papers.

"Are you at liberty?" says he, "Have you a moment? These," pointing to the capers.

"want signifie. Can you give your attention to them now?" nt are they ?" asks she, rising.

terrified." His tone is bitter. "There are certain matters that must be arranged before my departure—matters that concern your weifare and the boy's. Here, "laying the papers upon the davenport and spreading them out," you sign your name here." But," recoiling, "what is it? What does it all mean?" all mean?"
It is not your death warrant, I assure you."
Seeing

all mean?

"It is not your death warrant, I assure you."

"It is not your death warrant, I assure you."

says he, with a sneer. "Come, sism!" Seeing her still he-state, he turns upon her savagely, who shall say what hidden storms of grief and regret ife within that burst of anger?

"Do you want your son to live and die a poor man?" says he, "Come! there is yourself to be considered, too! Once I am out of your way, you will be able to begin lite again with a light heart; and this, 'tapping the paper heavily,' will canble you to do it. I make over to you and the boy everything—at least, as nearly everything as will enable me to live."

"It should be the other way, 'says she. "Take everything, and leave us enough to live on."

"Why?" says he, facing round, something in her voice that resembles remores striking him.

"We—shall have each other," says she.

"Having happily got rid of such useless lumber as the father and busband. Well, you will be the happier so," rejoins he with a laugh that hurts him more than it burts hir, though she cannot know that. "Two is company, you know, according to the good old proverb, 'three, trumpery. You and he will get on very well without me, no doubt."

"It is your arrangement," says she.

"If that thought is a salve to your conscience, pray think so," rejoins he, "It isn't worth an argument. We are only wasting time." He hands her the pen; she takes it mechanically, but makes no use of it.

"You will at least teil me where you are going," says she.

"Certainiy I should, if I only knew myself.

"You will at least tell me where you are go-ling? says she.
"Certainly I should, if I only knew myself.
To America first, but that is a big direction, and I am afraid the tenderest love letter would not reach me through it. When your friends sek you, say I have gone to the North Pole; it is as likely a destination as another."
"But not to know!" says she, lifting her dark eyes to his—dark eyes that seem to glow like fire in her white face. "That would be terri-ble. It is untair. You should think—think—" Her volce grows husky and uncortain. She stops abruptly.

store abruptly.

"Don't be uneasy about that" says he. "I shall take care that my death, when it occurs; is made known to you as soon as possible. Your mind shall be relieved on that score with as little delay as I can manage. The welcomenews shall be brought by a swift messenger."

She flings the pen upon the writing table, and turns away.

Nour mind shall be relieved on that score with as little delay as I can manage. The welcome news shall be brought by a swift messenger."

She flings the pen upon the writing table, and turns away.

"Insult me to the last if you will "she says." but consider your son. He loves you. He will desire news of you from time to time. It is impossible that you can put him out of your life as you have put me.

"It appears you can be unjust to the last." says he flinging her own accusation back at her. Have I put you out of my life?

"Ah! was I ever in it?" says she. "But—you will write?"

"No. Not a line. Once for all I break with you. Should my death occur you will have your you will write?"

"No. Not a line. Once for all I break with you. Should my death occur you will have your positions clearly defined. That is all you can possibly require of me. Even if you marry again your jointure will be secured to you."

"Baltimore" exclaims she, turning upon him passionately. She seems to struggle with herself for words. "Has marriage proved so sweet a thing?" cries she presently. "that I should care to try it again? There, Go? I shall sign none of these tunns." She makes a disability gesture towards the loose papers lying on the table, and moves angrily away.

"You have your son to conside."

"You have your son to conside."

"There are complimentations, however, that perhaps you do not understand."

"I that case you will probably find yourself immersed in troubles of the meaner kinds after my departure. The child cannot inherit until after my death, and—"

"I don't care," says she, sullenly. "Go. if you will. I refuse to benefit by it."

"What as tubborn woman you are," cries he, in great wrath. "You have for rears decimed

You will. I refuse to benefit by it."

"What a stubborn woman you are." cries he, in great wrath. "You have for rears declined to acknowledge me as your husband. You have by your manner almost commanded my absence from your side; yet now when I bring you the loyful news that in a short time you will actually be rid of me, you throw a thousand difficulties in my path. Is it that you

desire to keep me near you for the purposes of terture? It is too late for that. You have gone a triffs too far. The hope you have so clearly expressed in many ways that time would take me out of your path is at last about to be fulfilled.

clearly expressed in many would take me out of your path is at last about to be fulfilled."

"I have had no such hope."

"Not You can look me in the face and say that! Saintly lips never lie, however, do they? Well. I'm sick of this life; you are not. I have borne a good deal from you, as I toid you before. I'll bear no more. I give in. Fate has been too strong for me."

"You have created your own fate."

"You have reated your own fate."

"You have reated your own fate."

"You have reated your own fate."

"You are my fate! You are inexorable! There is no reason way I should stay."

Here the sound of running, childish, pattering foetstees can be heard outside the door, and a merry little shout of laughter. The door is suddenly hurt onen in rather unconventional style, and bette rushes into the room. A fox terrier at his heels. The dog is evidently quite as up to the game as the boy, and both rave tempestionsly up the room and preclifitate themselves against Lady Baitimore's skirts. Round and round her the chase continues, until the boy, bursting away from his mether, dashes toward his lather, the terrier after him.

There isn't somuch scope for talent in a pair of trousers as in a mass of dainty petticents.

There isn't so much scope for talent in a pair of trousers as in a mass of dainy pettieous, and pre-ently Bertle grows tired, filings himself down upon the ground, and lets the dog tumble over him there. The jeoust sylvitually at an end.

Lady Baltimore, who has stood immoveable during the attack upon her, alwars with that cold, white beautiful look upon her face, now points to the stricken child lying panting, laughing, and playing with the dog at his father's leet.

"There is a reason!" says she, almost inaudibly.
Baltimore shakes his head, "I have thought all that out. It is not enough," says he.

"Bertle!" says his mother, turning to the child. "Do you know this, that your father is going to leave you?"

"toing?" says the boy vaguely, forgetting the dog for a moment and glancing upward.

"Where?"

"Away. Forever."

"Away. Forever."
"Where?" save the "Away. Forever."
"Where?" says the boy again. He rises to his feet now, and looks anxiously at his father; then he smiles and thags himself into his arms, "Oh, no." says he, in a little soft, happy, sure sort of a way.
"Forever! Forever!" repeats Isabel in a currons monotone.
"Take me up, "says the child, tagging at his father's arms. "What does mamma mean? Where are you going?
"To America, to shoot bears," returns Baltimore with an embarra-sed laugh. How near to tears it is.

o tears it is.
"Real live bours?"
"Take me?" says the child, excitedly.
"And leave mamma?"

"Take me?" says the child, excitedly.
"Oh, she'll come, too," says Bertie, confident, "She'll come where i go." Where he would
o-the child! But would she go where the
wher went? Baitimore's brow darkens.
"I am afraid it is out of the question," he
age, patting Bertie back again upon the caret where the fox terrier is barking furiously
nd jumping up and down in a frenzied fusition
if desirous of devouring the child's legs.
The hears might eat you. When you are nig
nd strong. "You will come back for me?" cries Bertie,

"You will come back for me?" cries Bertie, eagerly.
"Perhaps,"
"He will not," breaks in Lady Baltimore viotently. "He will not," breaks in Lady Baltimore viotently. "He will come back no more. When he goes you will never see him attain. He has said so, He is going forever!" These last two terrible words seem to have sunk into her soul. She cannot cease from rereating them. "Let the boy alone," says Baltimore angrily. The child is looking from one parent to the other. He seems pazzled, expectant, but scarcely unhappy. Childhood can grapp a great d-al, but not all. The more unhappy the childhood the more it can understand of the sudden and larger ways of life. But children deicately brought up and clothed in love from their cradic find it hard to realize that an end to their happiness can ever come.
"Tell me, papas," says he at last in a vague, sweel little way.
"What is there to tall?" realizes his father.

"Tell me, papa," says he at last in a vague, sweet little way.

What is there to tell?" replies his father with a most meagre laugh, "except that I saw Beecher bringing in some fresh oranges half an hour ago. Perhaps he hasn't eaten them all yet. If you were to ask him for one—

"I'll find him," cries Berrie brightly, forgetting everything but the present moment.
"Come. Trixy. come," to his deg. "you shall have some, too." "Come. Trixy. come. To his dog. You shad have some, too."
"You see there won't be much trouble with him." says Baitmore, when the boy has ron out of the room in pursuit or oranges. "It will take him a day, perhaps, and after that he will be quite your own. If you won't sign these papers to-day you will perhaps to-morrow. I had better go and tell Hansard that you would like to have a little time to look them

lle walks quickly down the room, opens the (To be Concluded.)

WHERE WOMAN DOES A GOOD DEED.

The Making of Cushions Upon Which

The exceptional sweet woman who is content to let the Lord A'mighty look after his own in heathen lands, and to allow the City Fathers to superintend the sewers and garbage at home: who has no desire to soil her dainty fingers adjusting the mechanism of the big dirty political machine, and likes her petticonts just as her mother taught her to wear them in singleness of purpose and arrangement; who is satisfied to be just womanly, and love her half as much in return, can work off some of her surplus energy stirring round after bargains in bright soft stuffs making them up into cushions You need not look so of all sizes and shapes, adding thereby to the sum of human happiness a very picture-que and pleasing factor of comfort. One industri-ous little woman made forty last year, and then

dight' really teel satisfied. First the divan, without which existence is sently, must have something like six or eight hure softly sliken pillows, faintly performed, down-filled, brainfly thried. It co-ts very nearly 320 to buy the divan ready for its covering, which may be of anything from ereon up to some rare old rug with Oriental traditions in its coloring, and hallowed reminiscences of some Musselman's devotion in its designance.

Then the pillows may be of every bue and quantity flowered silk, finished with a big double fill about the edge, drawn up at the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in odd little putty rosettes, tied in the corners in English fashion and introduced across the corners in English fashion and introduced across the corners in English fashion and infinity sowed about in a seam, with no decoration at all. The pretty woman who flatters down and nestles among these many-bucd cushions. In some enchanting, dreamy, lace-frilled, performed gown, does more toward the elevation and culture of the deprayed man's better nature that a whole army of woman's clubs gabiling all together about the higher life and the advancement of the race in divided petticonts and boneless bodices.

Then there are the two hugo cushions piled on above an ther on the floor, male of same rare old broands with goiden gleanings or bit of tanestry wrought by fair dead queens among their manisens years and years ago, and they are inaced, just in front of some curiously carried panied spread or rich handing, or eremance where the soft glow of the firelight, or of a tall, shaded lamp, will fall gently upon my lanc's face as she site grace-fully boised upon them, with her fair hands fo'ded in her an as innoc and smoking custions for gentlemen in cloudy smoke-cored plash, with gleaming designs in gold thread. The president of a whole selection of women's clubs and reform societies could find time hang heavy on her hands countries than the woman who makes half the cushions she can use to add to her own ploturesqueness and her friends' comfort.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Some Queer and Startling Incidents of Lion

I was at Cairo, Egypt, when I received a letter frem the great Hamburg dealer in wild animals which sent me off down the Red Sea at a day's notice. It was to drop the hunt for certain curlosities I was after in that direction and run down the African coast and fill an order for lions. It seems rather queer that the manager of a zoological garden or the proprietor of a museum should sit down and write: Dear Sir: Please ship me three full-grown lions, males or females, at your earliest convenience. African lions preferred. I enclose you draft on - of London for £100. Draw sight draft for the balance when you ship." And it seems still more queer that the re-ciplent of the above should write to one of his agents thousands of miles away: "I have orders now for twelve African lions. Please fill As soon as I could get my traps together I

ook the steamer for Herbera, on the south coast of the Gulf, and upon my arrival there at

once set about organizing an expedition into the lien conner to the south. That thumb of the African coast running out to the Gulf and ending at Cape Guardaful is called Sumali Land, and is down on the maps as an unexplored region. Its area is as large as the State of New York, and the surface consists of mountains, valleys, sandy plains, scrub forests, and extensive thickets. It is watered by three or four large rivers and scores of creeks, and is still the paradise of the hunter who seeks noble game. My outfit consisted of sixteen natives who were classed as hunters, and eight others who were to do any camp work required of them. I had two saddle horses, and our camp equipage was packed upon the backs of oxen and cows. All the work along the coast up to Sunkin is fone by these animals, the cows being compelled to drag the plough or carry burdens the same as the ox, and they are used under the saddle in place of horses. The hunt-ers engaged with me for seven cents per day, and the others for four. The animals were hired from their owners at the rate of three cents per day, with a contract to pay \$6 for any ox and \$4 for any cow which was not returned. The horses I purchased at \$60 per head. I rented twenty muskets at \$1 apiece for the trip, and purchased the ammunition outright. In case any native was killed while in the line of duty I was to pay his relatives any wages due him and a bonus of \$8. We took with us flour, meat, tea. coffee. medicines, cooking utensils, spare clothing, ammunition, cloth, beads, wire, lookingglasses, and a lot of other stuff, enough to make up a pack for each man and beast and one morning headed away to the south, along the right bank of the Gapoli River. We had to go less than ten miles to leave every trace of civilization behind us, and on the forenoon of the second day we saw a lion run across our path. At the end of the third day, being then forty miles from the const, we found signs so plenty that we made a permanent camp. It was in a grove on the bank of the stream, and to the west of us was a sandy piain, with here and there a grove of scrue, and to the east a sandy, broken country, with rocky ledges cropning out at interests.

to the west of us was a sandy pialn with here and there a grove of scrub, and to the east a sandy, broken country, with rocky ledges cropping out at intervals.

It would have been a waste of words to ask if we had reached the inon country. Hyenas were to be seen on every hand, a sure sign that the king of beasts was not far off, and while we were eating supper lions were heard roaring in three different directions. There wasn't an hour from dark to davlight in which their voices were not sounding in our ears, and twice they made such a determined effort to get hold of our cuttle that we had to turn out and fire a voiler to scare them away. The first thing to be done next day was to construct a couple of eages. These were made of sout cames, growing alone the banks of the river, and after the manner of a crockery crate. We also had our goods to unpack, and it was two days before we got around to the business in hand. Then I rode along the river for about two miles and found a fording place. It was in the dry season, and at a particular spot there were several large rocks in the bed of the stream which were bare, and man or animal could pass over dry shod. To the east was plain and scrub, with the skeletons of many water beeks roan antelages, and hirtcheastlying about to prove that the tions had good pleking. I also saw two or three skeletons with bones see large that I knew they must have been buildloses or wild cattle.

When itons drink from a pool or basin they will approach it irom any side where they can reach the water. When they drink from a running stream they generally select some particular spot, that is if remaining for any length of time in the neighborhood. Every wild beast or animal leaves his scent as he strands or walks, and a lion will not stand on the scent of an antelope and drink from a running stream, After a considerable hunt I found the spot where the lions approached the stream, and I could not find the track of any other beast anywhere near it. It was at a spot where they had a leave will

swimning. I had not gone above sixty rods from the ford, and was riding at a walk, when I passed a bunch of scrub, and a Hen sprang out, with an ugly growl. He stood glaring at me for a minute or two at a distance of not more than ten feet, and I saw that he was neety old and hadly used up. His cheek and under hip were torn and bloody, and he could hardly put his left fore foot to the ground. He had no doubt been engaged in a row with some other lion during the previous night, and had got the worst of it. His appearance was so unexpected that I could no nothing but stare at him for the first minute. He was more rattled than I, however, for at the first move i made to raise my rifle, he dropped his tail, uttered a whine, and was off at his best acc, disappearing over a rocky ridge about forty rods to the east. I was giad to be rid of him so easily, and pursued my way to camp without further halt or adventure.

There were two ways which promised us success in capturing flons, and we arranged to try both of them. I had three large bear transmade on purpose to hold this sort of game, and these we took over and set about the drinking place, each one being hidden under the soil and fastened to a stake driven irmly into the ground. To the east of the shot where we corralled our cattie we dug four rits about twelve leet deep. The soil was stillsh there and would not cave into the excavation. These pits were on a line with each other, and about twelve leet deep. The soil was stillsh there and would not cave into the excavation. These pits were on a line with each other, and about twelve reds apart. They were four feet wide and eight feet long, looking more like graves than anything else, hard one was covered over with light came and mass, and then a light covering of sand hid all traces of our two be ore daylight came and one was a captic or two be ore daylight came and one was a captic or two be ore daylight came and the and the file of a single lion about.

The next night was falt and starlight, and the sun had search cautioned them not to fire a musket unless absolutely necessary to prevent an attack. From the northern edge of the corral I could see three lions moving about over the plain—a male, a lemale, and a half-grown cub. They acted as you have seen a cat when approaching a bird on the ground, but after a bit the male got scent of me, and stood still and began to roat. As nearly as I could make out, he was close to one of the pits, and I fired over his head, to scare him. The builet cut very close to him, and he sprang sideways, with a flerce growt. Next moment we heard a mutiled rearing, and the natives cried out that the iton had failen into the pit. I felt sure that this was the case from the way the other two acted. We could see them running around in a circle, and they kept up a great whiching and growling. We fired upon them after a bit and drove them off, and the night passed without a lion coming near us. As soon as it was light enough to see some of the men went out and found a sig lion at the bottom of one of the pits. When I got my first look at him he was sitting on end like a dog, his cars corked ferward, accil looking up with his eyes full of curiosity. When we gathered around him after breakfast, however, he soon got mat, and made up his mind to give us a fight. If he had had the room I think he could have leaned out of the pit. Tramped as he was, he could make an astonishing effort at it, and after every fallure his growls and snark were something to make one shiver.

We had made some bark and grass nets for inst such a purpose. When one was spread out and dropped down upon the captive he began to tear at it, and by dropping in two more to was soon tangled up by his own actions until heiptes to move. Then we got a rope under him by means of a pole placed the cage convehient, and she was elevated the rope was led through it so that it hung like a sedan chair, and the fellows could travel with him at the rate of two miles an hour. We got nothing in our traps at the drinking place and for the next three n

shot of a lone bush. I got down on my hands and knees to creep to this bush for cover, and as I was to lesward of the game, they fed on without the least suspicion of my presence. Creeping forward foot by foot. I had come within five feet of the bush when I scented Hon. You know how the cages in a circus or zoological garden smell. The sleeping place of a wild lion is ten times as strong, and I should have got the scent before I did had the wind been stronger.

No sooner did I got the suspicion that a lion was close at hand than I drew back, but at the first move there was a roar, a rush, and I fell flat just as a lion bounded up and salled straight over me. I could have touched him by extending my arm. I was up like a flash, with my rife ready for a shot, but there was no danger. The lion was galloping away toward the ridge as fast as he could go, his then seen a builet after him he in Green were no bones about a sle seening place, and I concluded that he was simply taxing a nap there, while his wife and a cub or two were holding the fort in a recky den further back. That same night the lions returned in force, and before the evening was an hour old we had to double the guard around the corral. We hoped the plus would catch some of them, but when morning came we found then unoccupied. We were in luck with the Irans, however, lidling over to the ford after breakfast. I found a magnificent male lion fast in the jaws of a trap, caught by both forelega at the joints. I saw him when yet a long way off, and he also saw me and renewed his exertions to froe himself. When I had brought up a party of the natives we sat down to see the fun. It was a sandy shore, and I believe that lion had flung three wagon loads of sand about in his struggles. He had bitten the trap and chain until they were covered with blood, and he had serathed and dug with his hind feet until he had scoped out a fix of sand released him from the trap, and when he had been the later and tower to he had the provention of the kind. On a path used by li

Just before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company. There were no bounty jumpers at that stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all the recruits could not be vouched for. One of the batch was named Lanforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the corn fields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay Dantorth said to me:

See here, Sergeant. I've made a mistake," How." I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had. but when I come down here and see what war

is. I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit," "That's bad."
"So it is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I shall boit as sure as shooting."

Then you'll be called a coward, and disgraced forever."
"That's so, and I don't want it. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well?" "Wall if I kin git mad I'll be all right, and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's corps, and as we moved in sgainst Jackson Danforth obliqued alongside and said.

Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't sergeant, sick me of I shall bolt. I haven t got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepsed behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside, and next time I saw him we were at a lence on the edge of a corn field. The fire was hot and men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way, and said: the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way, and said:

"More kicks, Sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going."

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance, and ho was the Brst. man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, consherably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel Captain by the collar and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out: called out:
"Sand is all right. Sergeant. No more kicks.
As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or
die trying."

A New Wrinkle Knocked Out. He walked into the Pennsylvania Rallroad depot in Jersey City with a pert look on his face, and a ivaneing to one of the benches, he stood his silver-handled umbrella on end. produced a chain and padlock from his pocket, and, running one end of the chain through the and, running one end of the chain through the onen handle, he made the umbrella fast to the seat and said to the nearest man:

"I haven't travelled over this country for five years without learning a thing or two."

The went away smiling and whistling, but had scarcely left the waiting room when along comes another dapter fellow, wearing a check said and having a smooth check, and he walked right up to the umbrella produced a three-cordered file from his pocket, and in two minutes he had filed the chain in two, He put chain and lock in his pocket, shouldered the umbrella, and walked off with the observation:

"If the feller who is smarter than chain lightning comes back and asks who did it, tell him it was a has seed who had nover been off the farm before."

might never have noticed it, but you can't foot "My dear man," answered the artist, "did you ever see Father Time."

you ever see Father Time:"
"Of course not."
"I'd your son Bill ever see him?"
"Sartiniv not. He ain't to be sawed."
"Well, then, how do either of you know whether he was right or left handed?"
"By gun!" gasped the farmer as he stood with open mouth." you've got the yoko on us. That's it, how do we know? I've had threa different hired men who wore left handed, and I've knowed other folks to be. I jist jumped at it without stopping to thing. When Bill began to haw paw and pint to the soythe, I jist sot in and agreed with him. Say, mister." Yes.

"I've got a son Bill,"
"Well,"

"He's smarter'n chain lightning at sizing up a tin reddler, but the biggest fool in the State on pleturs."

Keeping Moses Down The colored people in a small town in Georgia had gathered at their church to hold funeral services over the remains of a woman who had died a couple of days before, and the

The colored people in a small town in Gooreth hal gathered at their church to be did who had ded a couple of dark brider, and the ceremonies were about to begin when the ceremonies were about to be about the ceremonies when the ceremonies were about the ceremonies when the ceremonies were about the ceremonies when the ceremonies when the ceremonies were about the ceremonies when the ceremonies when the ceremonies were about the ceremonies when the ceremonies whe

nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyeinds, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was i feet that of the woman a little loss. He may have weighed about \$5 pounds; the color of the body was that of a half-baked briex, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concered, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our eamp. The mysterios of wooderaft, for instance, he knew better than any of us; he knew what wild fruits were wholesome, and what fungi were poisonous. He could have given us valuable lessons how to find our way through the forest. I saw also that he could adapt himself to circumstances. If the pot was to end him, a very little shrinking only would betray his fear of pain; if he were to be treated affection and kindness.

We began to question him by gestures. "Do you know where we can get bananas?" He justles the cue, he grasps his leg to show ug, the size and node his head rapidly, informing ut that he knows where to find damanns of the size of his leg. One sees that he can exaggerate is well as Mark Twain. [Laughter,] We polition to the four quarters of the compass, questioningly. He polinis to the sunnies in reply, Is it far?" He shows a hand's length. A a good day's journey without loads, two days with loads. "Do you know the Ihitustic the conditionals his head rapidly, "How far is it?" He rests his right hand shiewers in the clow, Jonn. "Is there much food on the read?" Re pairs his abdomen lovingly with an artiul spile and brings his two hands to a point in from of him from which we may inter that our paunches will hecome like produces of the load. The little man attempts to inflate the sound of spinshots and crios "Los-op-op," and

International control of the family of the control of the family and a control of the family of the stations."

"Signate the stations,"

"Signate the stations,"

"Signate the stations, "Despite the stations," in the state of the feet of o

WOMEN ON THE CANAL

IN THE CABINS OF THE BOAR THAT NAVIGATE THE ERIE

Women who Feel that They Are Just an Good as their Misters on Lan-Neatty Furnished Cablus-How the Woren Pass Their Time-They Have Ther Social Circles-A Girl Prodigy of Nin Years,

From the Tyon Press.

There are few among the many the watch There are few among the many the watch the long lines of canal boats enterts the Erie canal locks at West Troy that have be faintest idea how the women aboard these boats live and what class of people they are The prevailing impression seems to be the none but the roughest of women would or call! live on board such craft, and that the lis and surroundings must be of the hardest art.

Bright and early this morning our artist climbed aboard one of a long row d boats that were awaiting their turn to pass prough the weighing lock at Green Island, any almost the first step he took after gotting aboard he met an elderly woman in a next pring dress and white apron, who smiled in a unit way when the visiter's business was made known.

"So you want to see how wome live aboard.

WEDDED HAPPINESS. How to Get It-Go to the Same Church-Bo Generous-Don't Board, but Keep House.

From the Inter-Ocean.
"Whose findeth a wife, findeth a good